DELL COMIC

NO. 483

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LITTLE BEAVER

CRAZY DOG WARRIORS

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A strange practice once existed among the Crow Indians. Whenever a young brave was crippled in battle or through an accident, so that he was handicapped in fighting or hunting, he might announce that he wished to die. Thereupon, he became a Crazy Dog warrior, or "Crazy-Dog-Wishing-To-Die" (micgye-wara-axe-akcewia).

Dressed in colorful finery, he rode about waving the Crazy Dog rattle, while he sang strange songs and talked backwards. He was respected by all and lustily cheered by the aged. But if time passed and he failed to court death with reckless foolhardiness, he became the laughingstock of the tribe.

Therefore, he often rode alone against large enemy odds, and died in honor. Less often, he miraculously escaped death time after time in such encounters, and lived to become a paragon of valor and honor. Still, he remained a pledged Crazy-Dog-Wishing-To-Die and he had to continue to court death until it caught up with him, if he kept the respect of his people.

When a Crazy-Dog-Wishing-To-Die met death, his grieving tribe laid him on a scaffold, with his trappings and rattle hung from a tepee pole above him, and moved away without him.

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LITTLE BEAVER

by FRED HARMAN

IS AGAINST TRIBAL LAW, SHOOT-UM ARROW IN VILLAGE, LITTLE BEAVER! YOU GET SPANK-UM, YOU DO THAT!

AI-EE! HERE COME BAD WOLF! SOME DAY ME PUT-UM ARROW IN THAT BULLY WHERE DO MOST GOOD!

UGH! HEAP SORRY, PO-KO... NO SEE! THINK-UM YOU JUST **BUG**... IN **RUG**! HAI-HAI-HAI!

BAD WOLF HALF COYOTE... MAYBE PART SKUNK! GO CRAWL IN HOLE!

LITTLE BEAVER OPEN MOUTH TOO MUCH.. GET-UM FULL RED ANTS, HE NOT CAREFUL!

EEE-YAI, BUST-UM UP ARROWS! OOH! ME WISH-UM ME TEN FEET TALL, THEN BAD WOLF BE SORRY, YOU BETCH-UM!

CRACK!

NO FEEL-UM BAD, LITTLE BEAVER! BIG BULLY BAD WOLF GET FOOT IN TRAP ONE DAY! THEN HE **HOWL!**

ME WORK-UM WEEK ON ARROWS! BAD WOLF BREAK-UM IN MINUTE! AI-EE!

ME SEE WHAT BAD WOLF DO! AND HIM WANT TO MARRY ME! UGH!

YOU NO MARRY BAD WOLF, LAUGHING DOE! MORE BETTER BE SQUAW OF RATTLESNAKE!

WHY YOU NO MARRY BRIGHT KNIFE? HE HEAP GOOD INJUN!

MY FATHER, CHIEF HUNGRY BEAR, ASKS TWENTY PONIES FROM ANY MAN WHO WOULD MARRY ME! BRIGHT KNIFE HAVE TEN PONIES ONLY!

BAD WOLF OFFER TWENTY PONIES... HE HEAP RICH! BUT HIS HEART IS NOT GOOD!

HAI! LAUGHING DOE WANT MARRY BRIGHT KNIFE... BUT BRIGHT KNIFE NO HAVE PONIES! ME HAVE IDEA!

BRIGHT KNIFE OWN FASTEST HORSE IN VILLAGE! MAKE-UM RACE BAD WOLF! BET-UM TEN PONIES!

WINNER HAVE TWENTY PONIES AND LAUGHING DOE! IS HEAP GOOD MEDICINE!

AIH! BUT... WHAT IF **BAD WOLF** WINS!

BAD WOLF NOT WIN! NO PONY IN LAND CAN BEAT **BOWSTRING**... QUARTER HORSE BELONG-UM BRIGHT KNIFE!

YOU BE AT REST, LAUGHING DOE!... ME FIX-UM EVERYTHING!... YOU NO DARKEN LODGE OF BAD WOLF!

ME HOPE LITTLE BEAVER KNOW WHAT HIM TALK ABOUT!

SOMETIME LITTLE BEAVER NOT SO DUMB AS HE LOOK! WE WAIT-UM AND SEE!

...SO-OO- THAT WAY CHIEF HUNGRY BEAR MARRY OFF DAUGHTER AND GET TWENTY PONIES TO BOOT-UM!

HORSE RACE? UGH! LITTLE BEAVER MAKE GOOD MEDICINE! IT WILL BE SO! CHIEF HUNGRY BEAR HAS SPOKEN!

LATER...

IS IN BAG-UM, BRIGHT KNIFE! YOUR PONY HAS WINGS. ON FEET!

HAI! SOON LAUGHING DOE WILL MAKE MOCCASINS FOR BRIGHT KNIFE! HER EYES WILL LIGHT HIS HOGAN!

MEANWHILE, BAD WOLF PLOTS...

IF BRIGHT KNIFE WIN RACE, BAD WOLF LOSE-UM TEN PONIES! EE-AI! LOSE-UM LAUGHING DOE ALSO!.. ME GOT-UM WIN!

THAT NIGHT...

ME, BAD WOLF, HEAP SMART! SOON LAUGHING DOE POUND CORN AND HAUL WOOD FOR BAD WOLF!

HEY, SHAG! THAR'S A INJUN COMIN' UP THE DRAW! IT'S THAT FELLER BAD WOLF WHO SPOTS EASY PICKIN'S FOR US!.

BAD WOLF, EH? WHAT'S HE WANT THIS TIME O'NIGHT?

AND SOON...

BOWSTRING HEAP GOOD QUARTER HORSE! MAKE MUCH MONEY RACE-UM IN WILCOX!

HUH? I AIN'T STEALIN' NO INJUN PONY! THINK I WANT MY HAIR LIFTED?

NIGHT BEFORE RACE... BIG FEAST... HEAP DANCE! NOBODY WATCH HORSE HERD! GRAB-UM EASY!

MAYBE YOU GOT SOME-THIN', BAD WOLF! WHAT DO YOU WANT OUT OF THIS DEAL?

BAD WOLF WANT NOTHING? BAD WOLF LOVE WHITE EYES LIKE BLOOD BROTHER! BAD WOLF GOOD INJUN!

YEAH... I'LL BET! WELL, LET'S PLAY 'ER AS SHE LAYS, THEN! GRACIAS!

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BIG RACE...

BRIGHT KNIFE HAS WOE, LITTLE BEAVER! MUST BE AT BIG FEAST... AT BIG DANCE! MUST KEEP EYE ON BAD WOLF... SO HE NOT TURN-UM HEAD OF LAUGHING DOE!

UGH! ME KNOW! YOU 'FRAID BAD WOLF BEAT-UM TIME, HUH!

HAI! MAYBE LITTLE BEAVER WATCH BRIGHT KNIFE'S PONY... SO NO GET HARM? LOOK... HEAP FINE ARROWS!

ME DO! NO SLEEP ANYWAY WHEN BIG FEAST GO ON!

ME SLEEPY NOW, PO-KO! YOU WATCH-UM WHILE! WAKE-UM ME UP IN HOUR!

HAI! IT TAKE WHITE MAN CANNON WAKE-UM UP LITTLE BEAVER, ME THINK!

IT BE HOUR, BY MOON! BUT EVERYTHING QUIET IN HORSE HERD. ME NOT WAKE LITTLE BEAVER! ME... JUST TAKE-UM KITTEN NAP!

BAD WOLF WAS RIGHT! NOBODY WATCHIN' THE HOSS HERD! GOTTA BE CAREFUL AND NOT SPOOK TH' CRITTERS!

THAT MUST BE TH' QUARTER HOSS I'M AFTER! YUP! BAD WOLF SHORE PAINTED A WORD PICTURE OF HIM! EASY NOW, SHAG!

WHOA THERE... YOU APRON-FACED FIDDLE-FOOTED CABALLO!

SLICK WORK, SHAG! YOU COULD STEAL TH' SHELL OFF'N A TURTLE, YOU OL' RANAHAN!

SHUT UP, GURKO! PUSH ALONG!... TH' NIGHT GUARD'S LI'BLE T' SHOW UP ANY MINUTE!

PO-KO! WAKE-UM UP! THERE BE SOMETHING BAD WRONG, ME THINK-UM!

IS PONY STEALERS! BOWSTRING GONE!

OOOH! ME GO SLEEP-UM ON JOB! ME HEAP SORRY!

UGH! YOU TELL-UM BRIGHT KNIFE, PRONTO! ME FOLLOW BAD MANS' TRACKS... HAI!

JUST LIKE-UM GIRL! SLEEP WHEN SHOULD BE WAKE-UM-UP! MAKE HEAP TROUBLE FOR NAVAJO BRAVE! UGH!

AI-EE! LITTLE BEAVER POKE HIM NOSE IN TROUBLES... HIM GO ALONE!

ME TRAIL HIM! TELL BRIGHT KNIFE ABOUT STOLEN PONY WHEN GET-UM BACK!

IS SHAG DOAK, THE OUTLAW! HIM STEAL-UM BRIGHT KNIFE'S HORSE... SO BRIGHT KNIFE LOSE-UM RACE! BUT...WHY?

HEY, MOGG! WHAT'S THIS?...I'LL BE JIGGERED! AN INJUN KID!

FIXIN' T' STEAL BACK TH' INJUN BRONC THAT SHAG JUST BROUGHT IN, I'LL BET! QUIET, BRAT!

AN INJUN HOSS THIEF, HUH? OUGHTA STRING HIM UP, BOYS! BUT... SHUCKS, HE'S JUST A BUTTON! HE'LL KEEP TILL MORNIN'!

MEBBE A CHIPMUNK WILL SWALLOW HIM, SHAG! HAW-HAW-HAW!

LITTLE BEAVER IN TROUBLE, ALL RIGHT! MAYBE PO-KO BETTER TELL BRIGHT KNIFE! MAYBE PO-KO NOT SO SMART-UM, AFTER ALL!

IT ALL MY FAULT BRIGHT KNIFE'S PONY GET STOLE-UM! IT ALL MY FAULT LITTLE BEAVER GET CAUGHT-UM... BY BAD MANS!

ME MAKE-UM UP FOR GOING SLEEP, ME HOPE-UM!

MEANTIME IN THE NAVAJO VILLAGE...

HOLA, BRIGHT KNIFE!...HOW YOU FEEL-UM, HUH? THINK YOU WIN RACE TOMORROW?

HAH, BAD WOLF! YOU HOWL LOUD, BUT YOUR PONY'S LEGS ARE WEAK!

EE-YAI! BRIGHT KNIFE'S EDGE IS DULL! HE WILL SIT WITH THE OLD WOMEN WHEN THE RACE BEGINS! HE WILL HAVE NO HORSE TO RIDE! HO!

NO HORSE! BAD WOLF IS MAKE-UM BAD JOKE!

IS NO JOKE! THE EVIL SPIRITS HAVE TAKEN BRIGHT KNIFE'S PONY... HE IS NOT THE BRAVE FOR LAUGHING DOE!

BAD WOLF LIE WITH FORKED TONGUE! COME! I SHOW YOU THE HORSE OF BRIGHT KNIFE!

ARE MANY HORSES IN HERD OF NAVAJO! BUT WHERE IS FLYING PONY BRIGHT KNIFE CALL **BOWSTRING**?

YAH-AI!... **GONE!** IS WORK OF MOUNTAIN DEVILS!

NO MOUNTAIN DEVILS TAKE-UM PONY! LITTLE BEAVER...AND THE ONE CALLED PO-KO... STOLE THE HORSE OF BRIGHT KNIFE!

THEY WANT GOOD FRIEND BAD WOLF WIN RACE...AND HAVE LAUGHING DOE FOR SQUAW!

WAGH! FOR THOSE TWISTED WORDS, I HANG THE SCALP OF BAD WOLF FROM MY LODGE POLE!

BRIGHT KNIFE'S TONGUE IS SHARP, BUT HIS MEDICINE IS WEAK! AI-EE!

THE TRUTH, BROTHER OF A GOAT... OR DANCE THE GHOST DANCE WITH YOUR ANCESTORS!

BRIGHT KNIFE! COME QUICK-UM! SHAG DOAK HAVE LITTLE BEAVER IN OUTLAW CAMP!...HAVE YOUR PONY...BOWSTRING ALSO!

AIH!

ARGH! BACK TO YOUR DEN... THERE IS MAN'S WORK TO DO THIS NIGHT!

UGH!

ME SHAMED! WHILE I SLEPT, BAD MANS TAKE BOWSTRING FROM UNDER NOSE OF PO-KO!

NO TALK-UM! KEEP GO ON!... THE NIGHT IS GROWING OLD!

YOU STAY-UM HERE, PO-KO! THIS BE NO PLACE FOR LITTLE SQUAW!

ME STAY... MAYBE!

YUP! THAT LITTLE HOSS WILL SHORE MAKE PLENTY DINERO AT TH' WILCOX RACES!

YOU SAID IT, SHAG! I'LL BET THAT INJUN WHAT OWNED HIM.....

ME COME FOR NAVAJO BOY...LITTLE BEAVER! AND FOR NAVAJO HORSE...BOWSTRING!

DERN ME, ANOTHER INJUN! A GROWED ONE, THIS TIME!

WHITE EYES STEAL! ME COME GET!

WHY, TH' GALL OF THIS VARMINT! ACCUSIN' US HONEST BOYS O' HOSS STEALIN!... AN'...AN' KIDNAPPIN!

HE'D OUGHTA BE BULL WHIPPED!

GOOD IDEA!... I FREIGHTED WITH A TWENTY MULE TEAM ACROSS THIS COUNTRY!...I CAN HANDLE IT!

OOOOH! NOW THEY GOT-UM BRIGHT KNIFE...LITTLE BEAVER...AND PONY, BOWSTRING! WHAT POOR PO-KO DO?... AI-EE!

EE-AI! WHAT THAT? GRUNT FROM ROCKS, UGHN!

UGHN!

LITTLE BEAVER! ME STEP ON YOU? OH...ME SORRY!

STUPID! HOW ELSE YOU FIND ME?...UGH! ME FEEL LIKE HAVE SLEEP-UM TWO MOONS IN NUTSHELL!

WHAT WE DO, LITTLE BEAVER? ME S-S-SCARED!

HUSH-UM UP! GIVE ME 'NOTHER STRIP CLOTH, MUFFLE PONY'S FEET!

THERE YOUR HORSE, LITTLE BEAVER!... AND THERE BOWSTRING!

WHY YOU NO RING-UM BELL AND BLOW-UM WHISTLE? POUND ON DRUM? ME TRY BE QUIET...YOU MAKE NOISE LIKE WHOLE FLOCK JAY BIRDS!

SH-HH...BOW-STRING! NO MAKE-UM RUMPUS NOW!...GOOD PONY!... GOOD PONY!... HUSH-UM!...

NOW, PO-KO! YOU WANT MAKE NOISE...MAKE NOISE! YELL LIKE YOU STUB-UM TOE ON SHARP ROCK! EE-EE-EE-YAI!

LOOK OUT, BOYS!...SOMETHIN'S STAMPEDED THE HOSSES!

THEY'RE HEADIN' OUR WAY!

MAKE A BREAK FOR THE ROCKS, MEN! OR GET TRAMPLED!

EE-YAI-AH! BRIGHT KNIFE! JUMP-UM!

LITTLE BEAVER! HEAP GOOD MEDICINE!

NO TIME TALK! WRITE-UM LETTER - ABOUT IT! WHAW-WW-WWW! GET ALONG-UM!

MOUNT AN' RIDE, YOU LOBOS! GRAB THEM SADDLED BRONCS AN' HIGHTAIL! WE BEEN HYPHENATED!

GOOD THING WE HAD SPARE CAYUSES IN TH' CORRAL, SHAG!... WHAT A SCATTERATION!

YOU'RE DERN TOOTIN', BOZE! BUT WAIT'LL I CATCH THEM INJUNS!

MAKE HURRY-UP BRIGHT KNIFE!... ME THINK-UM WE BEING FOLLOWED!

YOU THINK-UM SO, DO YOU? NOT GOPHERS SHOOT-UM BULLETS AT US!

ZIP!...

BLAM

ZIP!...

ZIP!...

THERE THEY GO, BOYS! FAN OUT! THERE'S A GULCH RIGHT AHEAD OF 'EM!

DON'T SHOOT THAT QUARTER HOSS, SHAG! HE'S OUR MEAL TICKET!

UP-UM, PAPOOSE!... FLATTEN EARS AND FLY LIKE BIRD!

AIH!... PONIES NO NEED-UM GROUND! RUN ON AIR!

SOMEBODY CRAZY LIKE LOON.. AND ME THINK-UM IT BE PO-KO!

WHEW! WHAT A JUMP! GOTTA LET 'EM GO, BOYS! I AIN'T BUSTIN' MY NECK FOR NO INJUNS!

THEM VARMINTS AIN'T RIDIN' HOSSES, SHAG! THEY'RE A-STRADDLIN FILLY-LOU-BIRDS!

NEXT MORNING.. WAI-EE! WHERE IS BRIGHT KNIFE? THE COWARD? DOES HE FEAR TO RACE BAD WOLF, FOR THE HAND OF LAUGHING DOE? HE HAS RUN IN THE NIGHT!

EE-YA!... EE-YA!

DOES THE DAUGHTER OF CHIEF HUNGRY BEAR STILL LOOK FOR THE LOST ONE?

BRIGHT KNIFE WILL COME, MY FATHER!

SEE! EVEN NOW COMES A DUST CLOUD...WITH NO WIND BEHIND IT!

IS BUT HERD OF ANTELOPE...

LITTLE BEAVER! PO-KO! WHERE BRIGHT KNIFE?

THE MOUNTAIN DEVILS HAVE CAST SPELL ON BRIGHT KNIFE! LITTLE BEAVER HIDE HEAD IN SAND... LIKE OSTRICH!... AI-YA!.....

WHEN LAUGHING DOE FIND WHAT HAPPEN, SHE FLOOD WHOLE VALLEY WITH TEAR WATER!

LAUGHING DOE NO CRY BABY! ME F.X-UM THINGS UP ME BETCH-UM!

BOWSTRING GO LAME! NO RACE-UM BAD WOLF! AI-EE! HEART OF BRIGHT KNIFE .S SAD!

LAUGHING DOE NO MARRY BAD WOLF! JUMP-UM OFF CLIFF!

NO DO THAT, LAUGHING DOE! BAD MEDICINE...MUSS UP HAIR... TEAR DRESS...KILL-UM SELF... ME GOT MORE BETTER PLAN!

RULES OF RACE SAY EACH MAN MUST RACE OWN HORSE!... BOWSTRING LAME! SO...ME TRADE-UM PONIES WITH BRIGHT KNIFE! MAKE-UM LEGAL!

BUT RULES DO NOT SAY MAN MUST RIDE-UM OWN HORSE IN RACE!... ME RIDE-UM PAPOOSE! WIN-UM LAUGHING DOE FOR BRIGHT KNIFE!

ENJU! LITTLE BEAVER TALKS WITH TONGUE OF GREAT SPIRIT!

IS TIME FOR RACE! ALREADY THE DRUMS ARE SINGING!

PAPOOSE RUN LIKE RABBIT! ONCE HE BEAT STREAK OF LIGHTNING... SAVE LITTLE BEAVER'S SKIN!

WHY YOU LOOK-UM ME LIKE THAT, BAD WOLF? YOU NO SEE LITTLE BEAVER BEFORE, MAYBE?

HA! BRIGHT KNIFE SEND BOY ON MAN'S ERRAND! HA! BAD WOLF MAKE LITTLE BEAVER THINK HIM GOT FOOT IN BEAR-TRAP, WHEN RACE START!

ONE---
TWO---

THREE!

UGH!

CLUNK!

DEMONS ARE INSIDE LITTLE BEAVER!... HE NOT EVEN WHIP-UM PONY, BUT GO LIKE WIND!

WHAT MATTER, BAD WOLF! YOU DRAG-UM FEET!

ME STOP-UM DEVIL-HORSE! ME STOP-UM! ME STOP-UM!

AI-YEE! CUT-UM OUT!

BAD WOLF...NO RACE...FAIR! HIM CHEAT-UM!

ALL FAIR IN LOVE AND RACE-UM! ME...HAI!

FOUL! ME CLAIM FOUL!

YOU CLAIM FOUL? EVEN THE JUDGES LAUGH AT BAD WOLF!

ALL WELL THAT END WELL... AS OLD INJUN SAYING GO! BAD WOLF DO FLIP-FLOP! BUT HIM NOT DO SO BAD! HIM FINISH SECOND!

HERE, BAD WOLF! NEXT TIME YOU RACE-UM, USE PONY THAT BE YOUR SPEED-UM!

BAD WOLF NO CATCH-UM ME ON HORSE...HE NO CATCH-UM US ON FEET! HO-HO-HO!

MAYBE SOMEDAY LITTLE BEAVER WIN-UM RACE FOR HAVE PO-KO HIS SQUAW, HUH?

LITTLE BEAVER

FRED [illegible]RMAN

YOU KIDS MUST'VE SMELLED THE CHOCOLATE CAKE I'M MAKIN'! TIE UP YOUR PONIES AND COME ON IN!

WE SMELL-UM CAKE NOW... NOT BEFORE! SMELL-UM GOOD, YOU BETCH-UM!

WE NO SEE-UM YOU FOR LONG TIME! COME VISITING!

GLAD YOU DID, YOUNG'UNS! IT'S KINDA LONESOME HERE WITH THE BOYS BUSY OUT ON THE RANGE BRANDIN'!

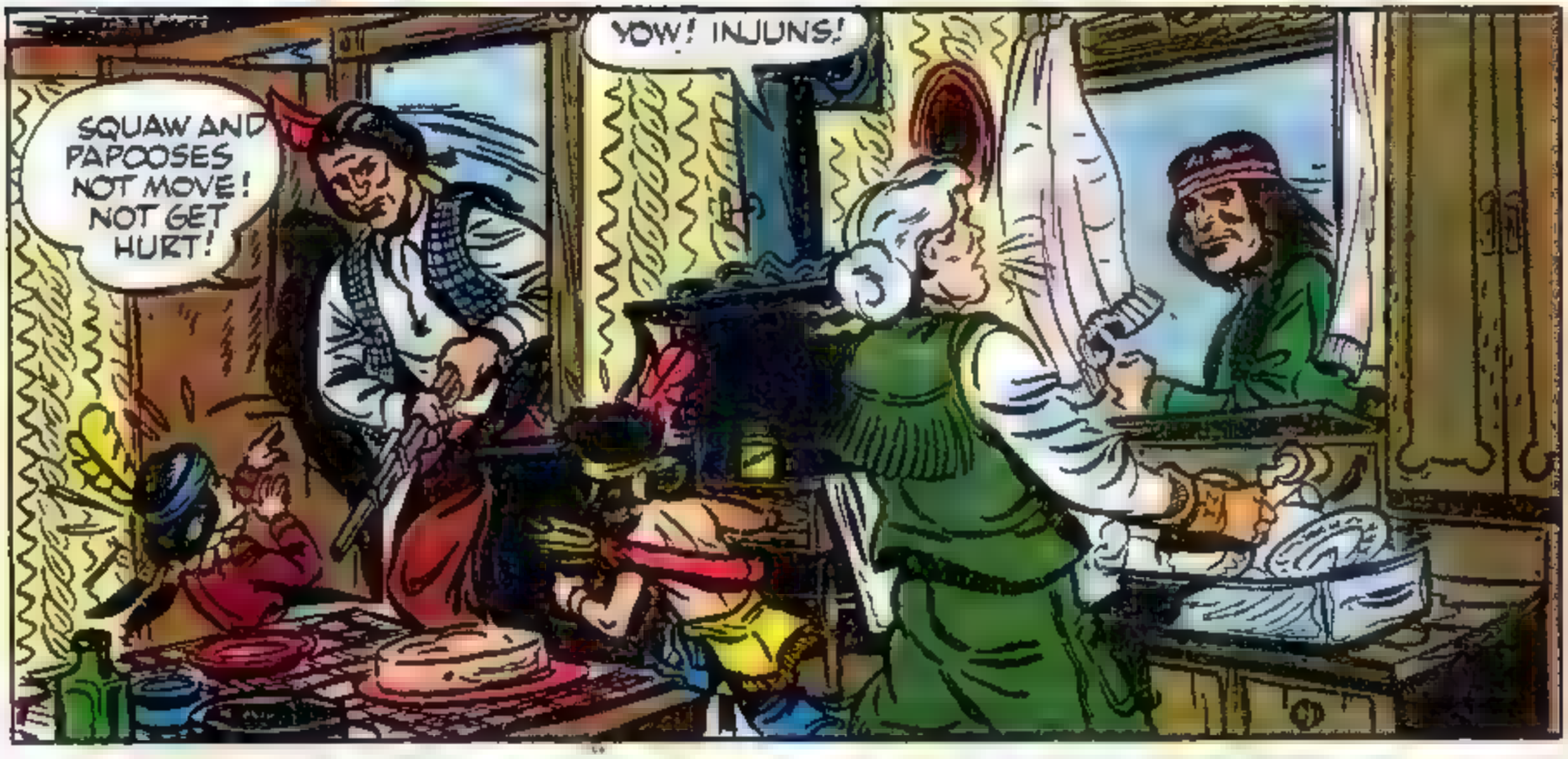
AUNTIE DUCHESS! WHY YOU KEEP-UM SMOKE POLE IN **KITCHEN**?

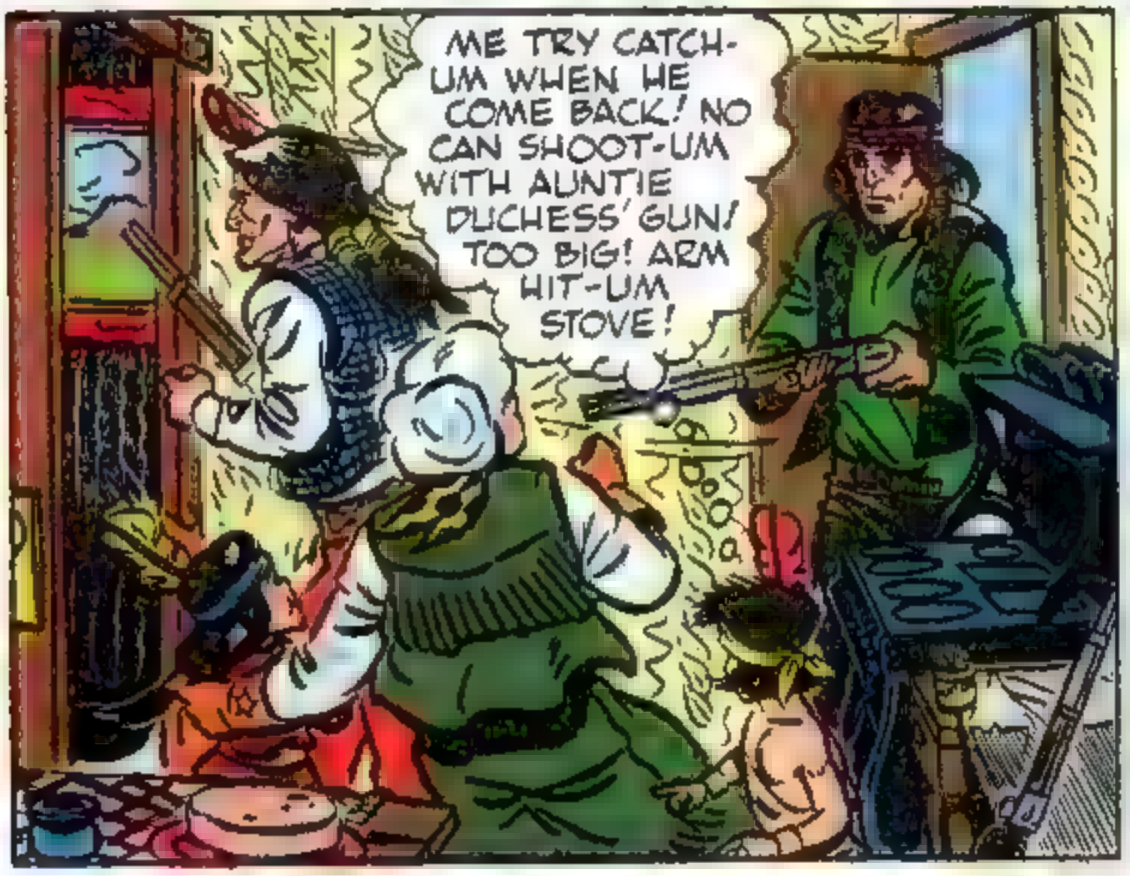
THESE DAYS I'M KEEPIN' IT WHEREVER I AM! THERE'S TALK OF A COUPLE O' RENEGADE INDIANS PROWLIN' AROUND, TAKIN' ANYTHING THAT ISN'T NAILED DOWN!

THEY BAD MEN, YOU BETCH-UM!

MAYBE SO, BUT FROM WHAT I HEAR, THEY'VE BEEN PUT UP TO IT BY SOME WHITE-SKINNED OWLHOOT!

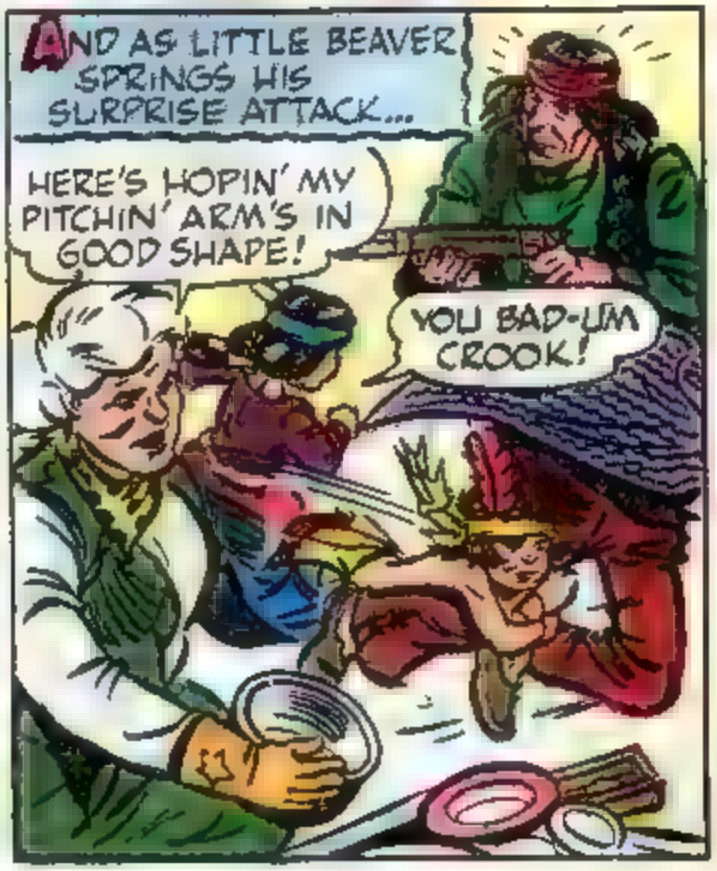
AT ANY RATE, GRAB YOURSELVES A SPOON, KIDS! YOU CAN SCRAPE THE BOWL!


SQUAW AND PAPOOSES NOT MOVE! NOT GET HURT!
YOW! INJUNS!


ME TRY CATCH-UM WHEN HE COME BACK! NO CAN SHOOT-UM WITH AUNTIE DUCHESS' GUN! TOO BIG! ARM HIT-UM STOVE!

A FEW SECONDS LATER!
YOU NO TAKE-UM THINGS FROM AUNTIE DUCHESS!

OOMPH!
CUCKOO!


AND AS LITTLE BEAVER SPRINGS HIS SURPRISE ATTACK...
HERE'S HOPIN' MY PITCHIN' ARM'S IN GOOD SHAPE!
YOU BAD-UM CROOK!

BUT LITTLE BEAVER'S PLAN BACKFIRES...

HO! HO! PAPOOSE CAUGHT IN WEB OF OWN MAKING!

GET-UM ME OUT OF HERE!

AND THE DUCHESS' AIM IS OFF...

SQUAW NO GOOD AT PLAYING BALL! NOW... WE STOP-UM NONSENSE!

RECKON WE JUST CAN'T CUT THE MUSTARD TODAY, LITTLE BEAVER! BETTER JUST RELAX TILL THESE POLECATS VAMOOSE!

PUT-UM ME DOWN!

LET-UM PO-KO GO! SHE NO HURT-UM YOU!

ME TAKE NO CHANCES! HANG-UM ON HOOK! MAKE-UM LIKE PICTURE ON WALL!

AH! FINE GUN! ME TAKE-UM! RED WOLF GET-UM FOOD! MONEY! MUCH LOOT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

MAKE-UM ONE MORE TRIP! HORSES NO CAN CARRY MORE!

DAD-GUMMIT! THESE VARMINTS'RE STEALIN' ALL MY ANTI-KEWS!

ME TRY-UM TRICK... IF CAN REACH-UM FIRE STICKS!

MATCHES

AUNTIE DUCHESS SPOTS LITTLE BEAVER'S ACTION...

OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE THE BOY'S WORKIN' ON AN IDEA! I'LL GIVE HIM A HAND AN' DISTRACT THE REDSKINS' ATTENTION!

HOW ABOUT LEAVIN' ME MY GUN? 'TWAS A PRESENT FROM AN OLD BEAU, AN' I'M RIGHT SENTIMENTAL ABOUT IT!

ME TAKE-UM GUN! NEED-UM IT! YOU SHUT-UM UP!

THIS MAKE-UM FULL LOAD, CRYING CROW! NOW WE GO?

THINK MAYBE WE BETTER KNOCK-UM OUT SQUAW AND PAPOOSES FIRST!

YOU DO BETTER TAKE-UM ANOTHER THINK! ME KNOW WHITE MAN'S MAGIC! ME MAKE-UM BAD MEDICINE FOR YOU!

HA! HA! WHITE MAN NO CAN MAKE MAGIC! ONLY INDIAN MEDICINE MAN DO THAT!

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT! WHY, LITTLE BEAVER CAN... UH... PULL HUNKS OF FIRE RIGHT OUT O' THE AIR!

HURRY-UM UP, LITTLE BEAVER! SHOW-UM!

YOU BETCH-UM!

ME DO! SEE!

SNAP!

AI-EE! HE MAKE-UM FIRE!

MAYBE TRICK!

NOW ME MAKE-UM BIG MAGIC!

AS LITTLE BEAVER PLAYS HIS TRUMP CARD...

THAT NO TRICK! IS MAGIC!

PO-KO ADDS TO THE CONFUSION...

AI-EE! FIRE!

AND SO DOES AUNTIE DUCHESS...

CRASH!

AIEEE! BAD SPIRITS!

BOYS! GET A MOVE ON! GRAB THOSE INJUNS!

LITTLE BEAVER! YOU GRAB-UM ME... OFF WALL!

NO STOP NOW, PO-KO! MUST HELP CATCH-UM CROOKS!

RUN-UM FAST, FEETS!

ME HOPE-UM (PUFF!) ME GOT-UM BREATH TO SHOOT ARROW!

AI-EEEE!

TAKE 'EM INTO THE SHERIFF, BOYS! MAYBE HE CAN FIND OUT WHO THEIR LEADER IS! AND TELL HIM I'LL BE IN LATER TO SIGN A COMPLAINT!

OKAY, BOSS!

PO-KO! YOU STOOP-UM LIKE OLD WOMAN!

ME HANG-UM LIKE JACK-KNIFE SO LONG, ME CAN'T BEND-UM UP!

MERCY ME! LOOK AT MY KITCHEN!

NOW WE NEED-UM SPOONS EAT-UM CAKE, AUNTIE DUCHESS!

OH, WELL, I'LL WHIP UP ANOTHER ONE PRONTO! YOU'VE SURE EARNED IT!

LITTLE BEAVER PLENTY SMART PLAY-UM FIRE TRICK!

AUNTIE DUCHESS PLENTY **MORE** SMART! TAKE-UM FLOUR... SUGAR... MAKE-UM MAGIC! COME OUT BIG-UM CAKE!

Dismounting on the run, the two scouts hurried up to Chief Flaming Arrow, a tall muscular Sioux mounted on a magnificent white horse. The great chief listened carefully to their report, then, in instant decision, nodded agreement, and the pair started up the hillside.

Like the rest of his braves, Flaming Arrow watched intently as the scouts worked their way toward the ridge above. Then, moving slowly, quietly, he edged his horse over beside a solemn-faced youth astride a little black pony. "You are ready, my Son?" he whispered.

Little Elk answered with a slight nod of his head. Well aware that Sioux warriors might laugh even at their Chief for such a display of fatherly concern, he felt moved beyond words.

The Chief stared into his son's eyes for a long moment and moved away.

This, the boy knew, was the test of all his childhood training, of all his games, of all his father's instruction . . . his first buffalo hunt. For every Indian youth, this was the big step into manhood, from the world of a boy into that of a brave. His actions today might determine his man-name and his reputation for life.

And Little Elk, unlike most youths, was expected to kill his first buffalo. To do less, as the son of Chief Flaming Arrow, would bring disgrace, not only to himself, but to his father.

He watched nervously as the scouts returned, mounted their horses and took up their position at the head of the band. Then, as the signal was given, he kicked his pony and moved up to the front ranks as they all headed down the ravine.

Then, as the hunting party burst out onto the plain, Little Elk saw them . . . hundreds of buffalo! Within seconds, he was enveloped in a vast cloud of dust. He heard the cries of the Sioux, the sound of their horses . . . and then the roar and pounding of stampeding buffalo.

Little Elk was swamped by terror. Unable to see, deafened by the thunder of the massive, hunchbacked animals, he pictured himself falling off his little mare, trampled into the earth. Giving no thought to his bow, or to the arrows in his quiver, he clung to the mare's mane, asking only that he live through this dusty, roaring nightmare.

Then, all at once, he was out in the open, and alone — chasing a group of buffalo separated from the main herd.

Little Elk had seen buffalo before, at a distance, and he had looked at their hides in the village. But, until now, he had never fully comprehended the enormous size of the ponderous, gigantic beasts. He was seized by a wave of panic and an overwhelming desire to turn and run. He was an ant against grizzlies. How could a tiny arrow pierce that shaggy hide or stop one of these wild, ferocious animals?

Gradually, however, even as his little mare closed in on the buffalo, his courage returned. Not much, but enough to recall his training, his instruction. Remembering his father's face, he reached into his quiver for an arrow.

He shot wildly and was again gripped with fear when he realized nothing had happened. Ashamed, he thought of turning and joining the other hunters, the men.

Then he saw it. One of the buffalo had

dropped behind the main bunch, an arrow shaft protruding from her neck. He had hit one!

She stopped, faced him for a moment, then cut off across the plain alone, away from the others.

Remembering his father's advice, Little Elk drew alongside the massive animal, hugged his legs tightly to his pony and fired an arrow with all his strength.

The arrowhead sank deeply into the buffalo's thick chest. She slowed, shook her head, and continued to run.

Little Elk tried another arrow. This time he hit near the heart. The animal slowed once more, then raced on.

He fired again. It looked like another shot into the heart. But again the buffalo plunged forward without pause.

Little Elk was frightened. No arrow could halt such a giant. And she might turn, for an enraged attack.

Desperately, he fitted and loosed still another arrow—his fifth.

The wounded beast stumbled, staggered, then crashed to the ground, dead.

Little Elk had killed his first buffalo.

But, as he dismounted to examine the fallen animal, still a little afraid of the huge lifeless hulk, his eyes fell on the five arrow shafts. FIVE arrows!

He could hear the jibes of the village. "Five arrows, for one little buffalo!" "What will Little Elk need when he goes to war, against MEN?" "Poor Chief Flaming Arrow, with a son who shoots like a squaw!" "Is it true, Little Elk, that you clubbed a buffalo to death, with arrows?" "Look! Here comes Man-Who-Shoots-Like-A-Boy!"

Little Elk quickly brought out his knife. Leaving one arrow, he began to dig out the other four. . . .

At the village feast that night, Little Elk was the hero of the hunt. Little Elk, son of Chief Flaming Arrow, had killed a buffalo on his first hunt—with one arrow!

Blushing maidens sought his every glance. Boyhood friends fought for the honor of sitting by his side. Famous warriors stopped to talk with him.

His father, every inch the Chief, sat apart in silent dignity, accepting the good wishes of his tribe in obvious but unspoken joy.

Then, suddenly, all noticed that the boy had gone to his father and was speaking to him quickly, insistently. Both disappeared.

When they returned, the Chief signaled for attention. The entire village, hushed and respectful, waited for his boasts.

The Chief spoke softly, haltingly, almost in a whisper. His son, he said, had just told him a story of the day's hunt. And he, Flaming Arrow, now wished to tell that story to the whole tribe.

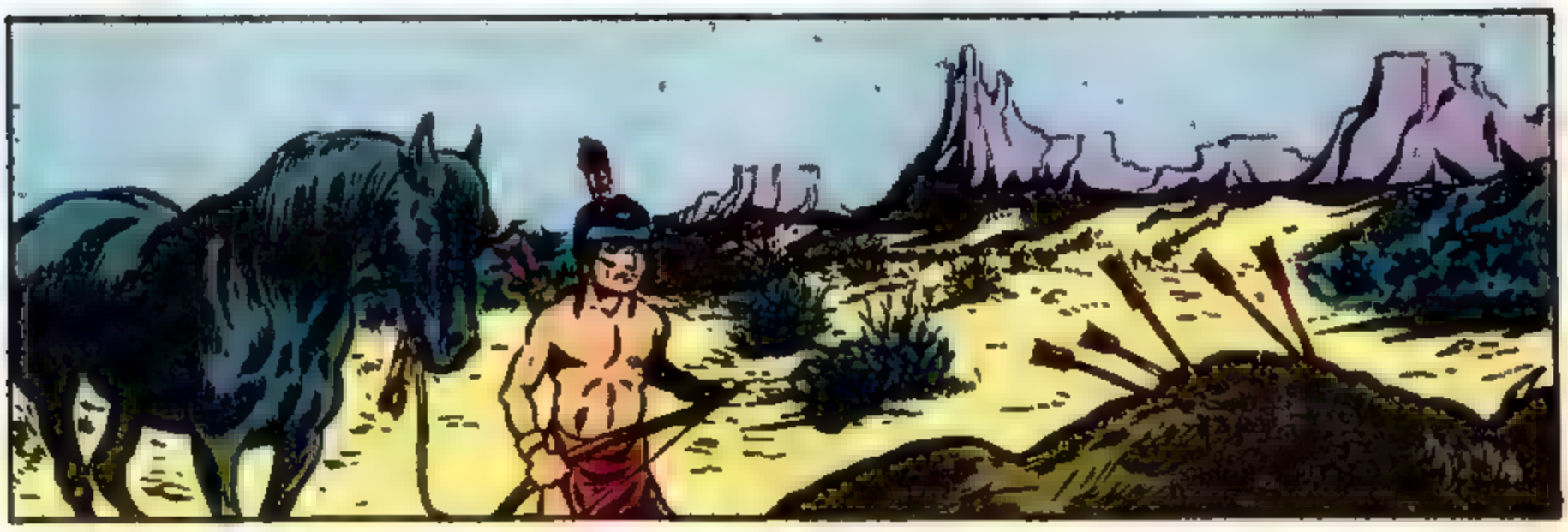
And he told them how Little Elk had used, not one, but five arrows to kill his first buffalo.

The men, women and children listened in shocked silence.

Then a man arose, an old chief, the most respected elder of the tribe. "Many buffalo have been killed by one arrow," he said simply. "But not many braves have the courage to kill a lie by public confession of their sin."

He paused. "Little Elk," he continued, "is a great hunter, one of the greatest—for, already he hunts the Truth!"

And that is how Little Elk came to be known as Five Arrows, one of the greatest chieftains in the history of the mighty Sioux.



The RIDE BACK from DEATH

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EARLY ONE AFTERNOON IN THE OLD WEST...

SOMETHING WRONG! FIRST, HEAR WHITE MEN'S GUNS... NOW HORSES NERVOUS!

AND HORSES USUALLY RIGHT...

MAYBE IT'S A **POSSE**, SLIM! WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO?

SHUT UP! I ONLY HEAR THREE HORSES!

AND WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THEM **EASY**! GET A HOLD ON YOURSELF, JAKE, AND LISTEN...

FEW MINUTES LATER...

BAD MEDICINE HERE!

DRIVER DEAD!

GUARD TOO.!

MAYBE THESE TWO DO IT... MAYBE TRY TO HOLD UP WAGON-WITH BIG WHEELS!

BUT **FOUR MEN** NOT KILL EACH OTHER **AT SAME TIME...**

MUCH BAD MEDICINE HERE! ME RIDE BACK TO TOWN AND TELL SHERIFF! HE...

GOT GOOD EARS AIN'T YOU, INJUN? THIS'LL BE THE **LAST** NOISE YOU EVER HEAR, THOUGH...

I'M GOIN' TO... AUGHH!

BLAM!

NOW...WHITE MAN FIGHT INDIAN WITHOUT THIRD HAND!

DUCK, JAKE...

GET **DOWN**! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REDSKIN!... ***DUCK!***

WAIT, SLIM! HE'S TRYIN' TO USE ME AS A SHIELD! **WAIT!**...

MOVE, YOU ROCK-HEAD... **MOVE AWAY**, SO I CAN SHOOT!

NO, SLIM! NO! YOU'LL HIT **ME**... ***NO!***

DON'T SHOOT, SLIM! HE'S..

LOOK OUT, OR YOU'LL... UNNH!

OOOF!

YIIII-EEE-AHH!

NOW, ME PREPARE YOU TWO FOR SHERIFF!

I'LL DO THE PREPARIN', REDSKIN...

THUD

LET ME DO IT, SLIM!

NO, JAKE...WE'RE NOT GOIN' TO SHOOT THIS ONE!

WHAT?! ARE YOU PLUMB LOCO, SLIM! THIS INJUN KNOWS WE'RE THE ONES WHO...

DON'T GET RILED UP! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, ALL RIGHT.. BUT IN A SPECIAL WAY!

YESSIR, A VERY SPECIAL WAY!

PRESENTLY...

ALL SET, JAKE? LET'S GIVE HIM A BIG SEND-OFF... NOW!

MAN, THOSE TWO HORSES'LL PULL HIM TO SHREDS WHEN THEY HIT THE VALLEY AND TRY TO SEPARATE! HOW'D YOU EVER THINK IT UP, SLIM?

IT'S AN OLD INDIAN TORTURE FOR TRAITORS...

AND IT'LL LOOK LIKE SOME ENEMY TRIBE DID IT! THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT **US**...WHATEVER HAPPENS! NOW LET'S DIG INTO THAT STRONG-BOX!

THE NEXT MORNING, IN NEARBY DIAMOND SPRINGS...

SO YOU'RE THE TWO WHO HELD UP THE STAGE, EH? ...UP! GET THOSE HANDS **UP!**

YOU MUST'VE MADE A MISTAKE, SHERIFF! WE'RE JUST RIDIN' THROUGH! DIDN'T EVEN KNOW...

NO MISTAKE ABOUT YOU HOMBRES... I'VE GOT A WITNESS HERE TO SWEAR TO THAT!

WITNESS?! BUT, NO ONE WAS THERE TO...

SHUT UP, JAKE! NOW, SHERIFF, JUST WHERE IS THIS SO-CALLED WITNESS?

ME!

IT'S HIM, SLIM... A GHOST!

BUT, HOW...?

MY HORSES GOOD HORSES! TAKE ME STRAIGHT TO VILLAGE... NOT TEAR ME APART LIKE YOU PLAN!

YOU'RE A SPOOK! NO MAN COULD...

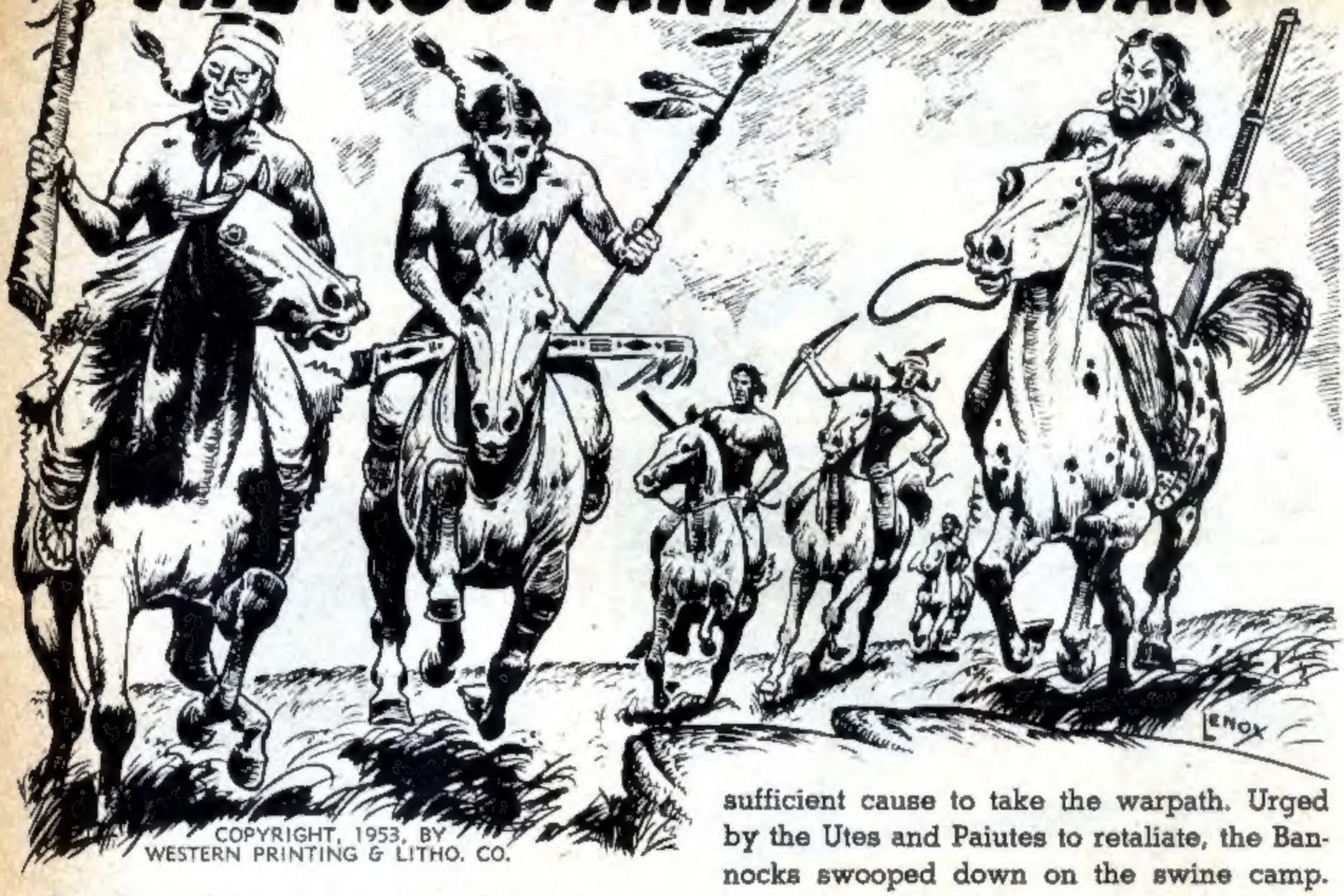
HE AIN'T NO SPOOK, JAKE...JUST SOME OTHER INDIAN! THEY'RE TRYIN' TO FRAME US!

NO, GENTS, YOU JUST PICKED THE WRONG INDIAN AND THE WRONG HORSES FOR THAT SPREAD EAGLE BUSINESS!... BUT, I'LL LET HIM EXPLAIN...

"ME DO TRICKS ON THOSE TWO HORSES AT BIG CORN DANCE EVERY YEAR...THEY TRAINED TO RUN EXACTLY SAME DISTANCE APART!"

SO, ROPE YOU USED ON ME NOT HURT MUCH DURING RIDE!...BUT ME THINK JURY GIVE **YOU** ROPE WHICH HURT **VERY** MUCH!

THE ROOT AND HOG WAR



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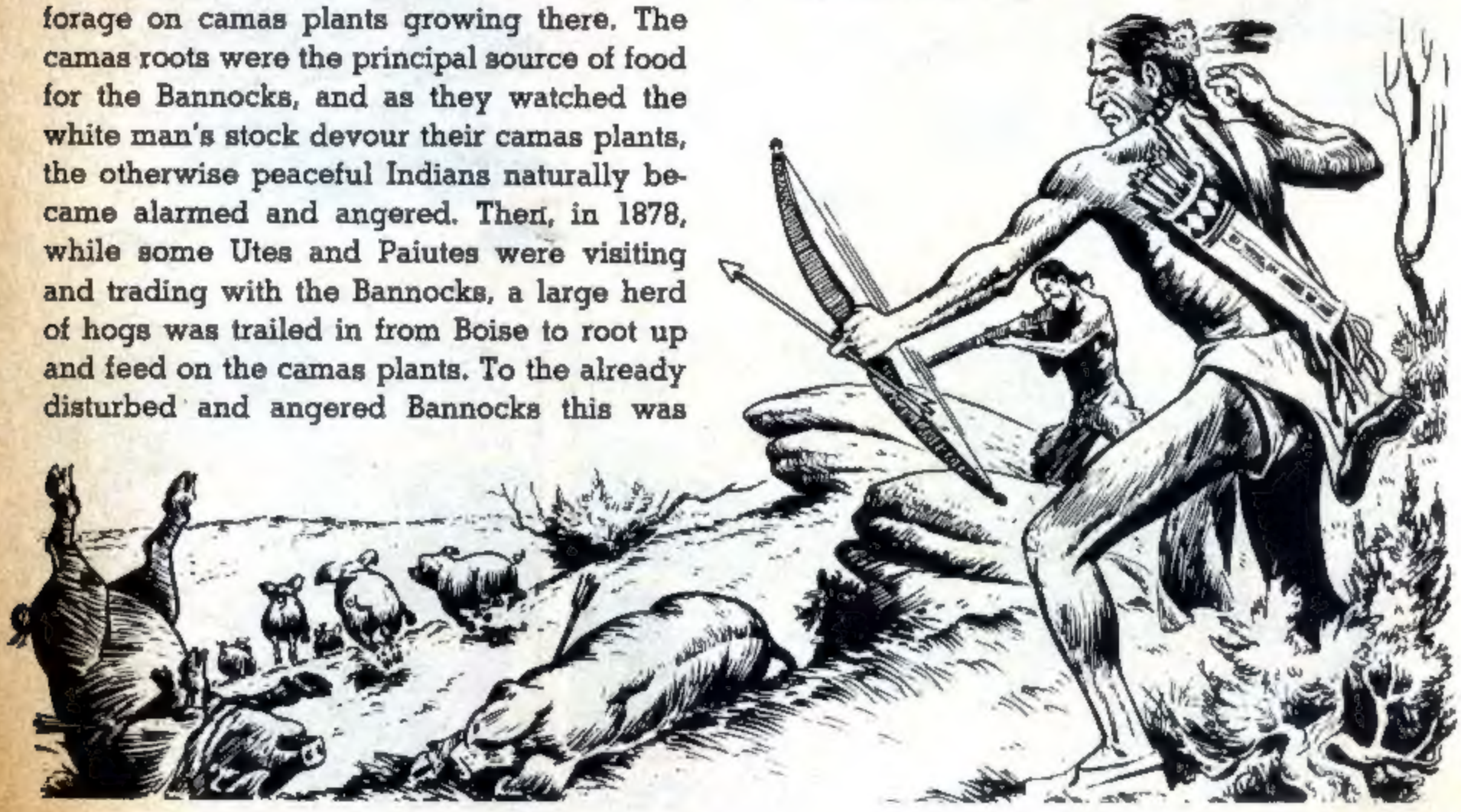
Strange as it sounds, one major Indian war was started by a herd of hogs! Prior to 1878, trouble had been incipient for some time between the Bannock Indians and the white men who were bringing herds of cattle and sheep into the Big Camas Meadows of Idaho, to forage on camas plants growing there. The camas roots were the principal source of food for the Bannocks, and as they watched the white man's stock devour their camas plants, the otherwise peaceful Indians naturally became alarmed and angered. Then, in 1878, while some Utes and Paiutes were visiting and trading with the Bannocks, a large herd of hogs was trailed in from Boise to root up and feed on the camas plants. To the already disturbed and angered Bannocks this was sufficient cause to take the warpath. Urged by the Utes and Paiutes to retaliate, the Bannocks swooped down on the swine camp. There they killed the owner and the herder and burned the camp. Then the whooping Bannocks slaughtered every hog. This was the beginning of the Bannock "Root and Hog" War — a costly and unnecessary affair started by a herd of hogs.



Little Beaver

by Fred Harman